

THE FARMVILLE HERALD.

HONOR FOR THE PAST, HELP FOR THE PRESENT, HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

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NO. 17.

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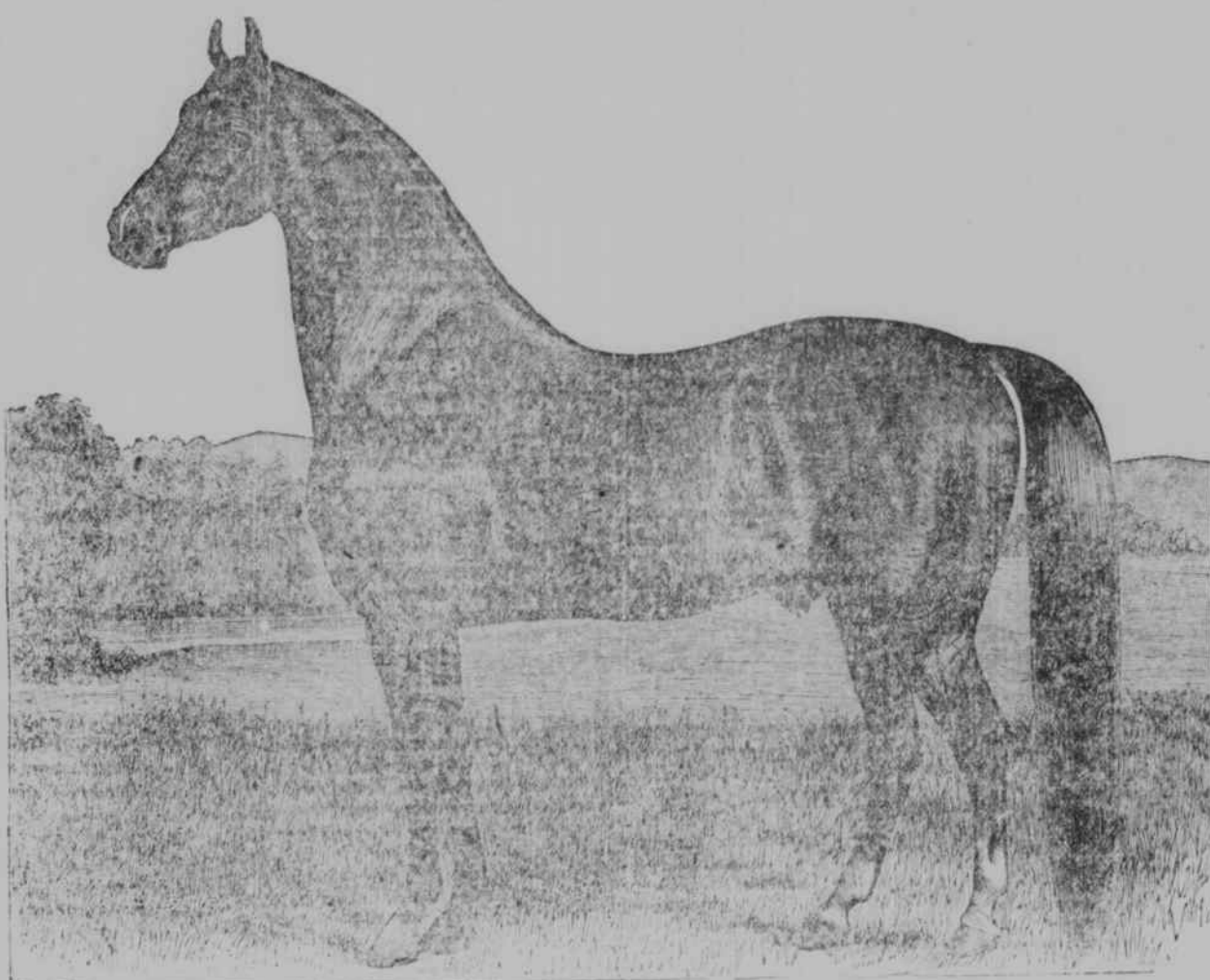
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GOD'S SECOND GIFT.

Dr. Talmage Says It Is Better Than This World.

Spiritual Blessings and the Glories of the World to Come Compared with the "South Land" of This Life.

[Copyright, 1898.]

Washington, Nov. 20.—Taking for his text an oriental scene seldom noticed, Dr. Talmage discusses the supernatural advantages of religion for this world and the next; text, Joshua, XV, 19: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

The city of Debir was the Boston of antiquity—a great place for bread and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achsah as a prize to any one who would capture that city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do, and yet the man that could take the city would have to be a man of great courage and valor. Besides, I do not think that Caleb was as foolish in offering his daughter to the conqueror of Debir as thousands in this city who seek alliances for their children with those who have large means without any reference to moral or mental acquirements. Of two evils I would rather measure happiness by the length of the sword than by the length of the pocketbook. In one case there is sure to be one good element of character; in the other there may be none at all. With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for, Gen. Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debir were thundered into the dust, and the city of books lay at the feet of the conquerors. The work done, Othniel comes back to claim his bride. Having conquered the city, it is no great job to conquer the girl's heart, for however faint hearted a woman herself may be she always loves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that.

The wedding festivity having gone by, Othniel and Achsah are about to go to their new home. However loudly the cymbals may clash and the laughter ring, parents are always sad when a fondly cherished daughter goes off to stay, and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is the time to ask almost anything she wants of her father. It seems that Caleb, the good old man, had given as a wedding present to his daughter a piece of land that was mountainous, and, sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia, swept with some very hot winds. It was called "a south land." But Achsah wants an addition of property; she wants a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now it is no wonder that Caleb, standing amid the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that he could hardly see her at all, gives her more than she asks. She said to him: "Thou has given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

The fact is that as Caleb, the father, gave Achsah, the daughter, a south land, so God gives to us his world. I am very thankful He has given it to us. But I am like Achsah in the fact that I am not satisfied with the portion. Trees and flowers and grass and blue skies are very well in their places, but

he who has nothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by fiery sinews; it is "a south land," a poor portion for any man that tries to put his trust in it. What has been the experience of every man of every woman that has tried this world for a portion? Queen Elizabeth, amid the surroundings of pomp and pomp because the painter sketches too minutely the wrinkles on her face, and she indignantly cries out: "You must strike off my likeness without any shadow!" Hogarth, at the very height of his artistic triumph, is stung almost to death with chagrin because the painting he had dedicated to the king does not seem to be acceptable, for George II. cries out: "Who is this Hogarth? Take his trumpery out of my presence!" Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words: "I am absolutely undone." Walter Scott, fumbling around the inkstand trying to write, says to his daughter: "Oh, take me back to my room! There is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave!" Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day, or at any rate only second in wealth, says: "I live the life of a gilded slave. When I arise in the morning, my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when I get to be night." Charles Lamb applauded all of the world. In the very midst of his literary triumphs says: "Do you remember, Beldret, when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery at the play? There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes." But why go so far as that? I need to go no farther than your street to find an illustration of what I am saying.

Pick me out ten successful worldlings—and you know what I mean by thoroughly successful worldlings—pick me out ten successful worldlings and you cannot find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him to business; care drags him back. Take your stand at two o'clock at the corner of the streets and see the agonized physiognomies. Your high officials, your bankers, your insurance men, your importers, your wholesalers and your retailers as a class—as a class, are they happy? No. Care drags their steps, and making no appeal to God for help, it comfort many of them are tossed every whit. How has it been with you, my hearer? Are you more contented in the home of 14 rooms than you were in the two rooms you had in a house when you started? Have you not had more care and worry than you had when you were a poor man than you did before? Some of the poorest men I have ever known have been those of great fortune. A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the ghastliest of all embarrassments is that of the man who has large estates. The men who commit suicide because of monetary losses are those who cannot bear the burden any more because they have only \$25,000 left.

Blessed be God, we have more advantages given us than we can really appreciate! We have spiritual blessings offered us in this world which I shall call the nether springs and glories in the world to come which I shall call the upper springs.

Where shall I find words enough threaded with light to set forth the pleasures of religion? David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. Mrs. Hemans, not finding enough power in prose, sings that praise in a canto. Christopher Wren, unable to de-

scribe it in language, sprung it into the arches of St. Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the foundation of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rouses it up in an oratorio. Oh, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life! I do not mean a sham Christian life, but a real Christian life. Where there is a thorn there is a whole garden of roses. Where there is one groan there are three consolations. Where there is one day of cloud there is a whole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know—angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of Heaven are his armed allies; the Lord is his Shepherd, picking out for him green pastures by still waters. If he walk forth, Heaven is his bodyguard. If he lie down to sleep, ladders of light, angel blossoming, are let into his dreams. If he be thirsty, the potentates of Heaven are his cupbearers. If he sit down to food, his plain table blooms into the King's banquet. Men say: "Look at that odd fellow with the worn-out coat." The angels of God cry: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let him come in!" Fastidious people cry: "Get off my front steps!" The cookeepers of Heaven cry: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom!" When he comes to die, though he may be carried out in a pine box to the potter's field, to that potter's field the chorists of Christ will come down, and the cavalcade will crowd all the boulevards of Heaven.

A blessed Christ for the present satisfaction of religion. It makes a man all right with reference to the past; it makes a man all right with reference to the future. Oh, these nether springs of comfort! They are perennial. The foundation of God standeth sure having this seal: "The Lord knoweth them that are His." "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon thee." Oh, cluster of diamonds set in burnished gold! Oh, nether springs of comfort bursting through all the valleys of trial and tribulation! When you see, of you the world, what satisfaction there is on earth in religion, do you not thirst after it as the daughter of Caleb thirsted after the water spring? It is no stagnant pond, scummed over with malaria, but springs of water leaping from the Rock of Ages! Take up one cup of that spring water and across the top of the chalice will float the delicate shadows of the Heavenly wall, the yellow of jasper, the green of emerald, the blue of sardonyx, the fire of jacinth.

I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives and glad when he dies. With two feet upon a chair and bursting with drooping, I heard an old man in the poorhouse cry out: "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul!" I looked around and said: "What has this man got to thank God for?" It makes the lame man leap as a hare and the dumb sing. They say that the old Puritan religion is a joyless and joyless religion, but I remember Puritan, who in his last moment said: "Is this dying? Why, my bow abides in strength! I am swallowed up in God!" They are ways of pleasure, and all her paths are peace. Oh, you who have been trying to satisfy yourselves with the "south land" of this world, do you not feel that you would this morning like to have access to the nether

springs of spiritual comfort? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your cradle and bless your table and heal your wounds and strew flowers of consolation all up and down the graves of your dead?

This religion that can give sweetest pleasures while we live, this religion that can supply sweetest comfort when we die.

But I have something better to tell you, suggested by this text. It seems that old Father Caleb on the wedding day of his daughter wanted to make her just as happy as possible. Though Othniel was taking her away and his heart was almost broken because she was going, yet he gives her a "south land"; not only that, but the nether springs; not only that, but the upper springs. O God, my Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast given me a "south land" in this world and the nether springs of spiritual comfort in this world; but, more than all, I thank Thee for the upper springs in Heaven!

It is very fortunate that we cannot see Heaven until we get into it. O Christian man, if you could see what a place it is we would never get you back again to the office, or store, or shop, and the duties you ought to perform would go neglected! I am glad I shall not see that world until I enter it. Suppose we were allowed to go on an excursion into that good land with the idea of returning. When we got there and heard the song and looked at their raptured faces and mingled in the eternal society, we would cry out: "Let us stay! We are coming here any day. Why take the trouble of going back again to that old world? We are here now. Let us stay!" And it would take angelic violence to put us out of that world if once we got there, but as people who cannot afford to pay for an entertainment sometimes come around it and look through the door ajar, or through the openings in the fence, so we come and look through the crevices into that good land which God has provided for us. We can just catch a glimpse of it. We come near enough to hear the rumbling of the eternal orchestra, though not near enough to know who blows the cornet or who fingers the harp. My soul spreads out both wings and claps them in triumph at the thought of those upper springs. One of them breaks forth from beneath the throne. Another breaks forth from beneath the altar of the temple. Another at the door of "the house of many mansions." Upper springs of gladness! Upper springs of light! Upper springs of love! It is no fancy of mine. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water."

O Saviour Divine, roll in upon our souls one of those anticipated raptures! Pour around the roots of the parched tongue one drop of that liquid life! Toss before our vision those fountains of God, rainbowed with eternal victory! Hear it! They are never sick there; not so much as a headache or twinge of rheumatism or thrust neuritis. The inhabitant never says: "I am sick." They are never tired there. Flight to farthest world is only the play of a holiday. They never sin there. It is as easy for them to be holy as it is for us to sin. They never die there. You might go through all the outskirts of the great city and find not one place where the ground was broken for a grave. The eyesight of the redeemed is never blurred with tears. There is health in every cheek. There is spring in every foot. There is joy in every heart. There is serenity on every lip. How they must

ply us as they look over and look down and see us and say: "Poor things away down in that world!" And when some Christian is hurried into a fatal accident they cry: "Good! He is coming!" And when we stand around the couch of some loved one whose strength is going away and we shake our heads forebodingly they cry: "I'm glad he is worse. He has been down there long enough. There, he is dead! Come home! Come home!" Oh, if we could only get our ideas about that future world untwisted, our thought of transfer from here to there would be as pleasant to us as it was to a little child that was dying. She said: "Papa, when will I go home?" And he said: "To-day, Florence." "To-day? So soon? I am so glad!"

I wish I could stimulate you with these thoughts, O Christian man, to the highest possible exaltation! The day of your deliverance is coming—is coming, rolling on with the shining wheels of the day, and the jet wheels of the night. Every thump of the heart is only a hammer stroke striking off another chain of clay. Better scour the deck and coil the rope, for harbor is only six miles away. Jesus will come down the Narrows to meet you. "Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed."

Man of the world, will you not to-day make a choice between these two portions, between the "south land" of this world, which slopes to the desert, and this glorious land which thy Father offers thee, running with eternal water courses? Why let your tongue be consumed of thirst when there are the nether springs and the upper springs—comfort here and glory hereafter?

You and I need something better than this world can give us. The fact is that it cannot give us anything after awhile. It is a changing world. Do you know that even the mountains on the back of a thousand streams are leaping into the valley? The Alleghenies are dying. The deers with crystalline mailers are hammering away the rocks. Frosts and showers and lightnings are sculpturing Mount Washington and the Catskills. Niagara every year is digging for itself a quicker plunge. The sea all around the earth on its shifting shores is making mighty changes in bar and bay and frith and promontory. Some of the old sea coasts are midland now. Off Nantucket, eight feet below low-water mark, are found now the stumps of trees, showing that the waves are conquering the land. Parts of Nova Scotia are sinking. Ships to-day sail over what, only a little while ago, was solid ground. Near the mouth of the St. Croix river is an island which, in the movements of the earth, is slowly but certainly rotating. All the face of the earth is changing—changing. In 1831 an island springs up in the Mediterranean sea. In 1866 another island comes up under the observation of the American consul as he looks off from the beach. The earth all the time changing, the columns of a temple near Bzoli show that the water has risen nine feet above the place it was when these columns were put down. Changing! Our Colorado river, once vaster than the Mississippi, flowing through the great American desert, which was then the Eden of luxuriance, has now dwindled to a small stream creeping down through a gorge. The earth itself, that was once vapor, afterward water—nothing but water—afterward molten rock, cooling off through the ages until plants might live and animals might live and men might live, changing all the while, now crumbling now breaking off. The sun, burning down gradually in its socket. Changing, changing, an intimation of the last great change to come over the world even infused into the mind of the heathen who has never seen the Bible.

When Trade Was Dead.

Two commercial travelers, comparing notes. "I have been out three weeks," said the first, "and have only got four orders." "That beats me," said the other; "I have been out four weeks and have only got one order, and that's from the firm to come home."—Tit-Bits.

How She Went Off.

"Well, I've fired the cook," said Mrs. Jones to her husband. "Did she go off with a bang?" said he, jokingly. "No, she went off with a pompadour," added she, smiling.—Harper's Bazar.

Doing Her Best.

"Ma, can't I go to the show and see the wild man?" "No, child, I'll do the best I can for you. I'll iron all the buttonholes out of your father's shirts."—Indianapolis Journal.

Calculation.

Mother—She had one daughter, who died in her infancy. That was 25 years ago. Daughter—H'm. The girl would have been about 19 if she had lived.—Puck.

No Matter About Her Son.

Mrs. Tracy—Old John, how can we bear the blow? Our son has eloped with the cook. Tracy—The rascal! We'll never be able to find another like her.—N. Y. World.

Not a Hero.

"Maria, is this red, white and blue ice cream wholesome?" "I don't know; but what if it isn't? Aren't you willing to take any risks for your country?"—Chicago Record.

That Ended It.

Maud—What makes you treat Jack so coldly? You used to find him so interesting. Marie—Didn't you know I was engaged to him now?—Harlem Life.

Ribs.

"The rib that was made up into a woman," remarked the observer of men and things, "takes more backbone to keep it in place than any of the others."—Detroit Journal.

MOSQUITOES HAVE FUN.

They Force a Police Justice, His Clerks and Policemen to Beat a Hasty Retreat.

Many are the marvelous achievements of the irrepressible mosquito. Aggressive deeds of that doughty insect without number have been told in song and story, but so far history contains no record of the mosquito's might compared with the victory won the other morning by the winged wonder, when, according to the New York Herald, an army of mosquitoes laid siege to the Flatbush police court and succeeded in utterly routing judges, clerks, prisoners and big policemen, so that the administration of justice



THE AGGRESSIVE MOSQUITO.

had to be suspended until such time as the victorious hosts chose to vacate the stronghold they had won.

The moment that Judge Bristow took his seat it was seen that there was trouble in the air. The atmosphere was so thick with it that he had to fight his way to the bench, and on arriving there he immediately detailed two stalwart policemen to clear the court of all intruders. They attempted to do with the aid of towels and coats and any available weapon.

Huge palm leaf fans were procured and two attache policemen were stationed on either side of the judge with orders to keep them in perpetual motion. Still the ubiquitous insects sang their songs of victory in the ears of justice. Candles were lighted around the altar of the blind goddess and cheerful invitation was extended to the insects to alight their wings in the fascinating flame, but they didn't see it in that light. Eventually, when the court attendants realized that there was no escape but flight, books and papers were hastily piled together, and after the prisoners had been returned to their peaceful cells the session was adjourned until such time as the mosquitoes should decide to seek fresh fields and pastures new.

KILLED BY WHISKY.

How One Weary Willie Was Literally Drawn Under a Rain of Old Rye.

Drowning in a vat of beer is a death which to some men would be a positive pleasure. One weary Willie suffered death, however, in an even more attractive form. He was killed by whisky. This particular man was engaged in the delights of absorbing a barrel of liquor when his fate overtook him. He was not an invited guest, neither did he own the spirits. He broke into a cellar well stocked with proof spirits, and, as the family was away, decided to enjoy himself. So he loaded up on the whisky, occasionally toasting in a beaker of rare wine as a relish.

The fun was great for a time. He would amble about—for so his tracks



LOADING UP.

proved—from one barrel to another sorting out his drink like a man with a lovely thirst and the present means to, care for it. But after a long time of these devious wanderings, motion of any kind became very difficult. He was also sleepy, so he decided to bestow himself where he could get at the real stuff as soon as he should awaken. He lay down near the whisky barrel, his mouth near the open faucet, so he could take a fresh one when agreeable.

He forgot to turn it off, and also lost track of most other things as time passed away. He rolled over a time or two and finally lodged, snoring, drunk and open-mouthed under the faucet. He swallowed a couple of times, but the whisky was coming too fast and he choked. He was too drunk to move and he literally drowned under the rain of old rye. He was found dead under the faucet, with evidences of suffocation as well as drunkenness to mark the course of his flight to another world.